GUY COLWELL'S DOLL

Please, God, make me into the doll that everyone wants me to be.
-Gelsey Kirkland. DANCING ON MY GRAVE.

"Misha [Barishnikov] had begun to transform the company, getting rid of dancers whom he considered either too fat or too old. His preference in ballerinas was simple and straightforward: pretty, young, thin, long legs, good feet (271)."

Guy Colwell's recent DOLL has an erotic surface, but contains a number of intellectual ideas and paradoxes. Guy illustrates the attitudes of many different men toward what is basically an android, an upgraded version of the plastic inflatable love dolls which have been sold in erotic bookstores for years. No man can resist Doll. All have sex with her at one time or another. Created for an ugly man, Doll is destined for other things. Colwell suggests that this is what most men want out of a woman, sex with neither response nor responsibility. Doll can be manipulated into any position and is nothing but a beautiful receptable. When not in use, she just lays around. She never asks for anything or needs anything. She neither participates nor relates.

If all a man needed was sex, Doll would be perfect, and for some men perhaps she is perfect. The fascinating thing about this story is seeing Doll being used while knowing she is an android yet being aware at the same time that she is no more or less human than any other drawn character. The others in the story do not look any more real than Doll. Hey, these are all comic characters here and we have only Guy's written words that tell us Doll is a latex being while the guys around her are flesh and blood. Folks who missed the first issue will not know that Doll is a doll. They will see this lovely toy being passed from man to man and the numerous sexual scenes will brand the comic as pornography whatever the rationale of the artist and publisher.

Guy Colwell entered the world of underground comics back in the seventies with his political and erotic stories in INNER

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ISADOR STONE

Izzy Stone died June 18, 1989. He was born December 24, 1907, and spent his life doing research and trying to get the truth out to people. I first saw I. F. STONE'S WEEKLY in City Lights Bookstore in North Beach in San Francisco in the late fifties. Lawrence Ferlinghetti kept up with all of the little poetry mags and newsletters that preceded the underground comix of the sixties and seventies. They were down in the basement then and there were a few little tables and chairs there. You could go down and just sit around and read and no one bothered you or tried to sell you anything. A rare place. Izzy would have liked it and I'm sure he was there more than once. He published his newsletterfrom 1953-71 and it was certainly one of my influences. Izzy made the newsletter a viable form of communication. In his late 70's, he learned Classical Greek and wrote his final book, THE TRIAL OF SOCRATES. Thanks for all, Izzy.

CITY ROMANCE. A painter, Colwell has shown at various galleries around the Bay Area and his paintings reflect the various lifestyles prevalent in the region. I don't want to define Guy's style here and I won't. His paintings are brutally honest and it is perhaps that honesty which has kept him from a wider audience. He does not paint the kind of land and seascapes yuppies cover their walls with, the bland and boring stuff that is the bread and butter of the Geary and Sutter street art dealers.

Where INNER CITY ROMANCE dealt with relationships, DOLL deals more with male sexual fantasy, and I feel that men are not so much accused of being sexist as they are of being more intent upon the money they can make rather than the quality of their lives. Of course men want Doll. They want to have sex when and where and how they want it and when it is over they don't want to think about it until the next time the need arises. Doll never talks back. And there's the rub. Her silence is deadly. Ultimately, she becomes a monster, always sitting or lying there smiling. C.G.

COMIX PLUGOLA

"Adult commix [sic] as they are known are big news and big business." Oy vey. So sez the hype sheet I just got from Penguin Books. Seems Arte Spiegelman sold them on publishing RAW as a paperback. The first one is Vol. 2, #1. and it's $14.95 and has the shittiest cover I've every seen on a magazine, an insult to every cartoonist everywhere. On the other hand, there is some good stuff inside, including Charles Burns' Big Baby tale about the Kabala Bongas. If you can afford $15 comic books, go for it. RAW's not for you poor slobs, that's certain.

EL VIBORA 112, your window into the underground psyche of Spain, is $7 from J. M. Berengueur, Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, Spain.*

CEREBUS BI-WEEKLY 13 and 14 out, reprinting the early adventures of Dave Sim's aardvark. Aardvark Vanaheim, POB 1674, Station C, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada N2G 4R2.

Randy Paske's Latest minis are Gary Fields' DOG COMIX 3. THE CHROME DOME by Paul Tumey & Jim Gill. 50¢/stamp ea. HSC's MISC! 29 is $1.50 pp. 656 Birch Lane, Gilbert, MN 55741.

UNDERGROUND SURREALIST 5 is a rock and roll issue. $3.00 pp., POB 471, Cambridge, MA 02142.

ELF THE BARBARIAN 3 is $1 pp from Kenny Moran, 254 Young, Wpg, Man. Canada R3C 1Y9.

YUH C'N MAKE A LIL CLAY SNAKE is $1 pp from TKA Komiks, 3021 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60657.

BOLT 3 is 50¢/stamp from Randy H. Crawford, 911 Park St., SW, Grand Rapids, MI 49504-6241. CHANTILLY LACE is 50¢/st from Randy.

HELL FOR LEATHER is $2.50 pp [8x10, mag format] from Tony Nesca, 751 Home St., Wpg, Man, Canada R3E 2C5.

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... We have reached a time when it is fashionable to accept anything, no matter how destructive, as long as if qualifies, in the clinging phrase of the prehistoric sixties, as *far out*.

John Rechy
THE SEXUAL OUTLAW, 1977

DIRTY WORDS

My mother is 82. She cannot handle dirty words. None of them. When I was eight-years-old I heard some boys talking about fucking on the playground at Huntington School in Lincoln, Nebraska, an institution of lower learning in which I suffered a great deal and for which I have no fond memories. Having lead a pretty sheltered life in the care of my Southern Mom, I did not know what fucking was. Since I had always been able to talk to her about things, I came home that afternoon and while she was making me a peanut butter sandwich I casually asked her what fuck meant. Imagine the sky clouding over and thunder rolling across the desert and a lightning bolt splitting the kitchen table in half and you will have a partial view of my mother's reaction. Words were things to her though I did not know it at the time and she felt attacked by the sound of the word fuck in our kitchen.

"Where did you hear that?"

"At school."

"From who?"

"Some boys."

"Well, I don't ever want to hear you say something like that again. And I don't want you hanging around those kind of boys."

"But--"

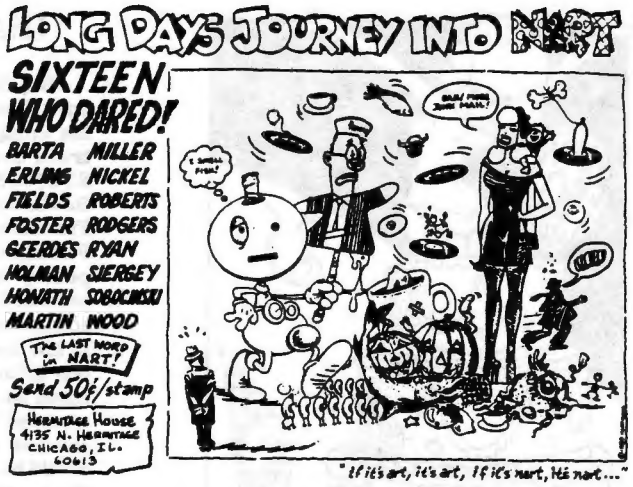
"No buts. I'm ashamed of you talking like that. I don't ever want to hear you say words like that around me."

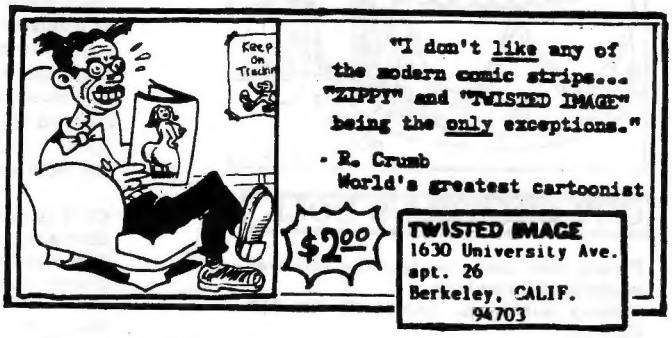
Jeez, I didn't know what to think. Fucking must be something truly horrible to upset Mom like that. I still didn't know what it was, but I knew now that I wasn't going to find out from her. I also knew that there were things I would not be able to talk to her about, that our close relationship was over. Had she been rational about it and just told me what I was ready to know about sex I would have listened and gone out to play some baseball in the lot across the alley, but her negative and violent reaction was something I had not anticipated. It was a violation of the trust I had in her. I walked out of the kitchen feeling guilty about something I didn't understand. I hadn't done anything to warrant such a reaction. I felt truly wronged, and I was right.

Well, I'm not blaming my mother. She was an uneducated woman who did the best she could for her children and her reaction to dirty words was based on her own repressed childhood. It has not changed to this day. My sister put a vcr in Mom's condo apartment a couple of years ago, because she thought she would enjoy watching some of the new movies. Didn't work. She couldn't show Mom *any* of the newer movies, because all of them have sex scenes and dirty words. I have an aunt who is the same way. She loves the violence in the Clint Eastwood movies, yet she says she always skips over the sex scenes in the trashy novels she likes to read.

I grew up with dirty words. All the boys at school used them and I got into it right away. If you didn't, you were considered a geek or some other unpopular nonhuman thing. I would be walking up to Harold's to play some pinball and I'd meet one of the guys and he would say something like, "Hey, Geerdes, who shit in your face?" Today, the kids on WONDER YEARS call each other Butthead, or Buttface! I grew up with the Our Gang kids who never said anything real. Early radio and movie kids were always an extension of my parent's ideal for what kids ought to be. What I heard every day was "Well, who's that ugly shit over there? Fuck you, shiteater. Piss on you, you little cocksucker. Your mother chases troop trains with a mattress on her back. Your mother gave the football team a blow job last Friday night. Go to hell, you stupid cunt. Wanna match? My farts and your breath. My balls and your tonsils. My ass and your face. Izzat yer face er didjer pants fall down? Eat me like a cookie, nuts, balls, an' all. Can I come over and fuck yer sister tonight?"

So when I got home and my mother would asked how things went at school I always said *fine*. I didn't want to upset Mom with the real world out there, who got beat up on the playground, who got pushed downstairs after recess, who was fucked over by the teacher for something someone else did, who called her a whore; it was enough that I had to deal with that world all day. I was glad to get home and up to my room where I could check out my Captain Marvel collection and listen to my radio. C. G.





... Then again, I like the contrast between my lonely, loveless, hunted, and thoroughly disorderly existence and this middle-class family life.

Hermann Hesse
DER STEPPENWOLF, 1927